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THE ROCKLAND GAZETTE.

JOHN PORTER, Proprietor.
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ECHOES.

The following very pretty lines, says the Home Journal, will find an echo in many a heart:

Hark! from Nature's vast cathedral
Blended echoes ever find;
Swelling in a mighty anthem
To its over-arching skies.

Every bird that sings in summer,
Every honey-laden bee,
Every squirrel in the forest,
Every cricket on the tree;

Every mist-dropping fountain,
Every softly murmuring rill,
Every dark and foaming torrent,
Every water-guiled mill;

Every rain-drop on the house-top,
Every beetle's noisy drone,
Every footfall on the pavement,
Wakes an echo in its own.

Sole of voice and songs of gladness,
Each responsive echoes find;
Words of love and words of anger,
Leave their echoes far behind.

Every great and noble action
Is re-echoed o'er and o'er;
Life itself is but an echo
Of the lives that were before.

THE GUILTY PHANTOM.

SIR WALTER SCOTT tells the following singular story of a guilty phantom. Sir Walter was a believer in ghosts, it is said. His "Tayriestried Chamber," which appeared originally in the *London Keptake*, and which is now embodied in all the complete editions of his work recently published, he assures his readers, was founded on fact. So he believed to be the basis of the Guilty Phantom.

"I cannot forbear giving you an instance of a guilty-phantom, which made considerable noise some twenty years ago, or more. I am, I think, tolerably correct in its details, though I have lost the account of the trial. Jarvis Matcham—such, if I am not mistaken, was the name of my hero—was pay-sergeant in a regiment, where he was so highly esteemed as a steady and accurate man, that he was permitted opportunity to embezzle a considerable part of the money placed in his hands for pay of soldiers, bounty of recruits, (and a large sum, and other charges which fell within his duty. He was summoned to join his regiment, from a town where he had been in a recruiting service; and this, perhaps, under some shade of suspicion Matcham perceived that discovery was at hand and would then have deserted, had it not been for the presence of a little drummer lad, who was the only one of his party appointed to attend him. In the desperation of his crime he resolved to murder the poor boy, and make his escape. He meditated this wickedness the more readily, that the drummer, he thought, had been put as a spy on him. He perpetrated his crime and changing his dress after the deed was done, made a long walk across the country to an inn on the Portsmouth road, where he halted and went to bed, desiring to be called when the first Portsmouth coach came. The waiter called him accordingly; but long after remembered that when he shook the guest by the shoulder, his first words as he awoke, were, 'My God, I did not kill him!'

"Matcham went to the coach by the coach, and instantly entered as an able-bodied landsman or marine, I know not which. His loyalty and attention to duty, gained him the same good opinion of the officers in his new service which he enjoyed in the army. He was absent for several years, and behaved remarkably well in some actions. At length the vessel came to Plymouth, was paid off, and some of the crew, among whom was Jarvis Matcham, were discharged as being too old for service. He and another seaman resolved to walk to town, and took the route by Salisbury. It was when within two or three miles of this celebrated city that they were overtaken by a tempest so sudden, and accompanied with such vivid lightning and thunder so dreadfully loud, that the obscure conscience of the old sinner began to be awakened. He expressed more terror than seemed natural for one who was familiar with the war of the elements, and began to look and talk so wildly, that his companion became aware that something more than usual was the matter. At length Matcham complained to his usual companion that the stones rose from the road and flew after him; he desired the man to walk on the other side of the highway, to see if he would follow him when he was alone. The sailor complied, and Matcham complained that the stones still flew after him, but did not pursue the other. 'But what is worse,' he added, coming up to his companion, and whispering in a tone of misery and fear, 'who is that little drummer boy, and what business has he to follow us so closely?'

"I can see no one," answered the seaman, infected by the superstition of his associate. 'What? not see that little boy with the bloody

pantaloons?' exclaimed the secret murderer, so much to the terror of his comrade that he confessed him, if he had anything on his mind, to make a clear conscience, so far as his confession could do it. The criminal fetched a deep groan and declared that he was unable longer to endure the life which he had led for years. He then confessed the murder of the drummer, and added, that, as a considerable reward had been offered, he wished his comrade to deliver him up to the magistrates of Salisbury, as he would desire a shipmate to profit by his fate, which he was now convinced was inevitable.

Having overcome his friends' objections to this mode of proceeding, Jarvis Matcham was surrendered to justice accordingly and made a full confession of guilt. But before the trial the love of life returned. The prisoner denied the confession, and pleaded not guilty. By this time, however, full evidence had been procured from other quarters. Witnesses appeared from his former regiment to prove his identity with the murderer and deserter, and the waiter remembered the ominous words which he had spoken when he awoke him to join the Portsmouth coach. Jarvis Matcham was found guilty and executed. When his last chance for life was over, he returned to his confession; and with his dying breath avowed, (and truly as he thought,) the vision on Salisbury Plain.

IMPORTANT INVENTION FOR REEFING SAILS OF VESSELS.—For a few months past, Mr. Wm. H. Foster of this city, has been engaged in perfecting an invention for the purpose of reefing sails from the deck. He has at last accomplished this desirable, although so long unobtainable, invention, to the satisfaction of the scientific gentleman and experienced seamen who have witnessed its operation. We do not profess to be skilled in such matters, but having examined its construction and seen it in operation, we have no hesitation in saying that we feel the strongest confidence in its practical utility and complete success. It is altogether unlike any other invention of which we have ever before heard. The yard does not revolve like that which was tried in England many years ago, but is fastened to the pulley in the usual manner. The sail is also attached to the yard in the old way. It works entirely upon the principle of the pulley. It is simple but exceedingly ingenious. The weight of the top-sail yard, in being lowered by loosening the halyards, is directly applied to the reefing and furling of the sail at the same time. A single hand on deck, however inebriated it may seem, is enabled to take in each reef, even to close reef and furl any sail in less than a single minute. (Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.)

Treatment of Cholera.

Mr. E. Lane, the well known Eastern traveler, gives this receipt for the treatment of cholera:—If the patient have not vomited the poisonous matter which is characteristic of the disease, and which resembles rice-water, give a tablespoonful of powdered mustard, in a tumbler of cold water as an emetic. After the vomiting (whether produced by the disease or by the above means) within a few minutes, give a wine-glass of brandy, with ten grains of powdered capsicum (Cayenne pepper) stirred up in it. This, generally, produces almost immediate relief; and, in an hour, rest, perspiration and sleep. In a few cases it was found necessary to give a dose of the brandy and capsicum, after half an hour or more. A second half dose was never required; but, should it be required, it may be given. No other fluid should be drunk before recovery. To accelerate convalescence, it has been suggested that fifteen drops of a mixture of spirit of ammonia and sulphuric acid, in equal proportions, may be given three or four times the following day.

Running Down a Competitor.

If it be policy for a tradesman to run down the goods and character of a competitor, the following may be considered an exception to the general rule.

"What's the price of that coat?" inquired a countryman, the other day of a merchant in this city.

"That! The price of this, sir, is eight dollars, and very cheap at that price," answered the merchant.

"I can't exactly agree with you there," said the customer; "I only paid six for the one I have on."

"That may be," replied the merchant, "and I should consider that you would have been horribly bitten, if you had paid half that sum for it. I don't sell such goods as that. Why, look at it; it is miserable stuff, and merely basted together at that; and the man who sold it to you knew it at the time. He is a great cheat, who ever he is, and deserves to be publicly condemned."

"That's just the opinion I've had of him ever since I made the purchase," said the customer. "I bought this coat of you some six months ago."

The merchant was suddenly reminded of some other business that needed his attention, and left the customer in the hands of his clerk.

THE NEW THREE DOLLAR PIECES.—The first issue of the new three dollar gold pieces is to be made the present week, when 6000 will be sent from the mint at Philadelphia to Washington. The front has an Indian head with feathers, and the United States of America around it, the reverse has the words "Three Dollars—1854," encircled in a wreath of wheat, corn, oak leaves and acorns.

The fellow who was treated with contempt, says it isn't half so good as burgundy.

looking out all the time." The young lady's head disappeared with a jerk, and the window went down with a slam.

A DUEL IN GRENADA.

It was a stirring time in the Island of Grenada during the period that Sir George Young had command of the colony. His Excellency (for he was Governor) had served with distinction upon the Continent; been in several engagements under the immediate notice of the great Frederick; had been promoted by him; and at last, upon retirement to his own country at the return of peace, had had the honor of Knighthood conferred upon him at the hands of that veteran monarch.

Thenceforth, Prussian manners, customs, tactics and absolutism took possession alike of the heart and imagination of Sir George Young; and when unopposed, as it afterward proved, his friends procured for him the government of our beautiful island, became almost as peremptory as old Frederick himself. There was no rebellion before which everything else failed, or faltered, or evaded, in his mind one imperturbable, impassive subject. The same cocked hat, the same long, thick military queue, and heavy boots, coat, vest, yellow breeches and gloves, the dress of his landing was, whatever might be the state of the weather; the dress of his administration.

So also with the exact correctness and discipline of his carriage; the length of his marching step every morning at the same hour upon the esplanade in the shade of the Government House; the halt, the backward movement of the right foot four inches; the military turn upon the heels which brought him into the third position, and the renewed march left foot foremost to the place of beginning and then again to the right about; it was all without change or variation, or display, apparently without thought.

This was not a comfortable person for a Governor, particularly among the free-hearted planters of our little gem of the world, who regarded life as too short for the observance of much form or ceremony among a brotherhood of gentlemen. And so at the end of some six or eight months there grew up at the Council board at which his Excellency presided and where the Colonial affairs of the island were chiefly regulated and despatched, a respectful but decided opposition to some of his favorite measures.

Among the members of the Council was a bland and estimable gentleman, a planter, who had formerly been attached to the medical profession, and still bore the title of Dr. Bl—n. Mild, gentle, refined, of an inquiring and philosophical temperament, he was more fond of discussion than of action, and of examining the expediency of the Governor's plans than of voting at once in favor of them. He was a person of good address, spoke freely and at his ease, and in this had greatly the advantage of His Excellency, whose expressions were almost limited to words of command; or, when he dwelt upon any subject, seemed to be first translated from the German into his own proper vernacular, and then uttered with difficulty and hesitation.

By degrees Dr. Bl—n came to be regarded in the eyes of the Governor as leader of the opposition in the Council Chamber, and as exercising an influence that in his military mode of judging things, was to be summarily put down. And one morning during an animated debate, His Excellency made use of some remarks of a nature too closely personal to be entirely passed over; and Dr. Bl—n said, perhaps rather indistinctly—

"I can have no reply to make. Your Excellency represents the King."

"I do, sir, while in this chair," retorted Sir George; "but the moment I leave it I am Sir George Young, very much at your service."

Now this happened at a time before deliberative bodies had hit upon the invention of explaining away words in the felicitous manner that obtains at present on both sides of the Atlantic, to such a degree that any two members on opposite sides of the house may indulge in the bitterest invective against each other, and then upon the intervention of friends, or a call from the Speaker, made before they separate, mumble a few words about their having differed upon a "seventh case," or something else that nobody can understand, and then go home to supper without any unpleasant result. No, this was not the way with our fathers; and the consequence was, that mine was hardly seated, before his friend Dr. Bl—n was announced. As soon as they were in private, the Doctor said—

"Well, my friend, you heard what passed between the Governor and myself?"

"I did, and regretted it sincerely."

"The affair can, I suppose, be settled only in one way."

"I am sorry to say that I do not see any other."

"Can you aid me in it?"

"Not as your second."

"Why not?"

"I am the oldest member of the Council Board; we are at present without a Lieutenant Governor; and if Sir George should fall, very important duties will devolve upon me until his successor should arrive, and I might expose my character to the severest animadversion if I were to take any active part in a rencontre that should result in his death. I hope that this reason may appear sufficient to you. I have tho't

the whole matter over, for it seemed to me probable that you might apply to me."

"What then do you advise me to do?"

"I would have you consult our neighbor, Col. Williams, without a moment's delay."

Col. Williams, as the name portends, was a Welchman. He commanded the regiment at that time stationed in the island; and he was not exempt from a certain native vivacity of temperament which has been ascribed as a characteristic of his countrymen. "Our army," said my Uncle Toby, "sawo terribly in Flanders; and the provocation for the use of invectives is greater in the tropics than in the Low Countries."

However the Colonel received Doctor Bl—n with singular quietness, and even a certain mysteriousness of manner; conducted him on tip-toe into an apartment that was at once library, dressing-room, workshop, and head quarters; seated him; and then bringing another chair, placed himself opposite so closely as that their knees almost touched. "We must speak low," said he, "the walls of these barracks are not thicker than cartridge paper, and my wife, who fancies she has to answer for all my sins as well as her own, is crying her eyes out over a book, called 'Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs; she goes to it every now and then, and always clears it if there's anything in the wind she hears clear than, than at any other time.' But now to business. So! you and Frederick the Great have got at it, eh? It is very odd what luck some men are born to! I could have sworn that he and I were to have it together—but indeed there has been but very little communication between us of late. Tell me what has taken place since the Council broke up. I have heard of his overture to you."

Doctor Bl—n then informed the Colonel of his unsuccessful application to my father, and to another of his friends; and that he was quite at a loss to know in what manner to proceed.

"I have no doubt," replied Col. Williams, "that His Excellency will have his own difficulties in the choice of a second, unless he determine upon some subaltern. It is something like getting into a scrape to have anything to do with shooting a Governor in command who has been bred up in the Prussian service and—'I shall omit the Colonel's expostives."

"There is not the remotest chance of that being the issue of our meeting," said Dr. Bl—n. "I am entirely unacquainted with the use of a pistol; and do not even possess a pair. I shall stand no chance whatever with him; but life is of no value with a brand upon it."

"Are you quite out of practice with the pistol?" asked the Colonel.

"Never fired a pistol in my life."

"Then I would not give a guinea for his!" replied Col. Williams; "a man's first shot is the best in the first hundred. Here is a pair that have never missed since they were manufactured. You will take them home with you. Stand before the largest mirror in your house. Look well at your shadow. Raise the pistol from your knee, here in this way, with a stiff elbow, ranging along the shadow in the glass, and when you get the muzzle to the height of the hip, draw the trigger. When you come upon the ground—take care to be there in good season—plant yourself at one end of the saw pit, you will fight in Glenn's saw-pit—that's the common place, and there is no choice of light and shade; be early on the ground. Glance your eye along the sides of the pit, and get yourself used to it; and when he comes opposite to you, think of the man in the glass; raise the pistol as before—always with a stiff elbow, and pull as soon as it ranges with his hip. Now will you recollect this? If you drop your pistol and level at him from above, you will overshoot him."

When he comes upon the ground, ten to one, he will talk to you about marching and counter-marching, and facing to the right-about, and giving you a lecture on the Prussian manner of doing things. Tell him you are fixed to your spot, but that he may march and counter-march as much as he pleases!

Now, will you remember all this? Let me see you handle your pistol. Very well—quite well. Accustom yourself to the grasp. Fix on five in the afternoon; it will be better for you both, as there are no strong lights there then. The field is not far from you. My orderly will be there with you at four and load your pistols, so that you will have nothing in the world to do after you get upon the ground but to take one careful glance at the priming, and see that the powder lies well upon the touch-hole. I believe you understand it now. Let me see you raise it once more. Very well; that was quite well. When you get upon the ground, remember you have only one thing to do after examining the priming, and that is, to raise the muzzle as high as His Excellency's hip, and then pull as quietly as you did before the glass, and always with a stiff elbow. You have two things to think of, recollect, and only two, after you get upon the ground—first the priming and then the man in the glass. Now go out this way, that my wife may not see you. I should like you to have had a second, but in your card you can state to Sir George the impossibility of procuring one; and that you are content to rely upon any arrangement that he may make in that respect. You may safely do this. After all he is a gentleman, and if he had been bred up in our own service he would have been a soldier instead of being, as he now is, a mere martinet.

The hour of five in the afternoon of the following day had nearly arrived, when Dr. Bl—n

was stationed at one extremity of Glenn's saw-pit. The saw-pit had not for some time been in use, and the slight structure that had formerly sheltered the workman had been removed except a remaining stick or two of timber, that lay longitudinally over the pit. Vegetation, with the luxuriance of the tropics, had sprung up around the borders, and when the Doctor looked upward from his sheltered position into the rich azure sky above him, the heavens had never seemed to him so beautiful as then, and a thought passed across his mind that his spirit might in a few moments be wending its way through the depth of that celestial blue.

The hard necessities of life, the stern conditions of the laws of honor, and the want of charity between man and man, began to occupy his mind, when he suddenly recollected Colonel Williams's charge to him that he had only two things to think of after he had got upon the ground. The first was the priming; he opened the lock and found the caution an useful one. He looked at his watch, it was ten minutes beyond the time. Where could Sir George be? How long should he wait for him? Just then he heard the Governor's voice: "There, that will do; give it me; now drive quietly home, and see that you don't blow the horses." And in a moment after, he entered the pit, bringing with him a case of pistols. He walked close up to his antagonist before he spoke. "Doctor Bl—n, I have a thousand apologies to make to you. The truth is that I had some official matters to perform very unexpectedly just before I left the Government House and I performed throwing myself upon your courtesy to postponing what was really important; or doing it in a slovenly way. I fear I must have made you wait some time."

The Doctor received his explanation gratefully, and then observed—

"Your Excellency has brought no second?"

"No," he replied; "on the continent I have known difficulties arise from such circumstances, and the honor of gentlemen called in question when two have gone out against one. No, you have confided in me surely I will confide in you."

During this time Sir George had opened his pistol case, and prepared one piece to his entire satisfaction, examining and sharpening the flint before he loaded the pistol. The Doctor also took his pistol in hand.

"Doctor Bl—n," said Sir George, "I suppose this business is no novelty to you?"

"On the contrary," replied the Doctor, "it is thank God, the first occasion of the sort that I was ever yet engaged in."

Different people have different ways of setting it, replied the Governor, "but in the Prussian service the practice is to stand in the centre of the field, back to back, march off three paces, or four paces, then to the right-about, then level and fire, and it has been in reference to that practice that I have had the ground of this pit cleared of all obstructions, and put in the condition for marching in which you see it."

"As I have never had the honor to be in the Prussian service," replied Dr. Bl—n, "and am utterly unacquainted with military movements, your Excellency will I hope excuse me from any such evolution. I am placed; either here, or if you please, at the other extremity of this pit; but, added he, perceiving a shade of dissatisfaction on the Governor's face, "my course need not, I think, prevent your Excellency from the practice to which you are accustomed."

"Dr. Bl—n," said Sir George Young, his countenance brightening at the suggestion, "you are in all respects a gentleman—permit me to say it. Well, then, as I have your leave, I shall march up to you to the right about, I shall off eight paces, and then again face you; at which time we fire. And as in this method I must necessarily turn my back upon you, I desire explicitly to say, that I do it strictly as a maneuver and without the remotest idea of conveying towards you the least personal slight or indignity."

"There is only one thing more," said Doctor Bl—n; "and that is, the exact moment at which I should fire. Your Excellency will excuse my inexperience in these matters, but it is not to my preception so nicely defined as I could wish it might be."

"Now how very well thought of that is," said Sir George Young. "I shall make it perfectly obvious to you. I shall march and counter-march with my handkerchief—your Excellency will excuse my inexperience in these matters, but it is not to my preception so nicely defined as I could wish it might be."

His Excellency performed his part accordingly, marching with a very gracious air towards Doctor Bl—n, then turning to the right-about, dropped the handkerchief, and two discharges were also simultaneously heard. The ball of his pistol had lodged in one of the timbers directly over the head of Doctor Bl—n, while that of his opponent, guided by a surer aim, had pierced his heart. He sprang convulsively upward, and fell lifeless without a groan.

An exchange attributes the following to Smith, but probably not Alexander Smith:

It's no use arguing about what's right,
And practically about what's not;
A fellow, if he thinks all day and all night,
Can't pay the money that he hasn't got.

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner nor fashion, but in mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to the truth—delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are the essential characteristics of a gentleman.

Autobiography of a Barrister.

THE FORGERY.

PART SECOND.

My arm, as the surgeon remarked, was broken beautifully—that is to say, it was a square snap, so that the parts were easily united. He gave me a soothing anodyne, and I passed a most excellent night, not even dreaming of the exciting occurrences I had been through. I was forbidden, of course, to go out, and I passed half of the next morning in some impatience and disquietude of manner. Now that the thing was begun, I turned to be at the trial to see what came of it. I wanted to know what the policeman, who went back to make the search, found; I wanted to learn whether Guillard was at his accustomed post in the counting-room. But no one came near me until night-fall, when Nelson, the attorney, drove up to the door in a cab.

"We are in a queer state of perplexity," said he. "Guillard is our witness to prove that the note is not signed by our client; and if he himself forged it, no one else can prove the forgery. Our client wants to pay and withdraw the defence, but I cannot consent."

"By no means," said I. "I feel that something will turn up to make the trial interesting, and that guilt will be baffled instead of rewarded."

"Exactly that which Mr. Marston says. I have just come from him, and after your adventure and trouble, he is still more anxious to try it."

There was a pause.

"What a pity you cannot be present at the trial!" said Nelson.

I said nothing, but resolved, arm or no arm, fever or no fever, to go; and go I did, the next morning, at the hour of court opening, and against the most positive order of the surgeon.

I took my seat in court, by the counsel's table, and in a few minutes Nelson and his client entered, with bag and books. The former appeared very much surprised to see me out, and the latter shook me warmly by the well hand.

"I am sorry you should suffer thus on my account," said the client, "and especially since it was all a mistake. It is very evident that he whom you thought to be Guillard is not Guillard."

"But I heard his name mentioned, and heard your name spoken," returned I, hastily.

"More fancies," rejoined the banker, smiling incredulously; "for Nelson here says that the catastrophe of your fall, or perilous leap, whichever it was, was consummated about twelve o'clock. At a quarter to one, he was at the crash of Lady—, where I was."

I must confess this staggered me.

"Yes," continued the banker, "and he was perfectly as his case—splendidly dressed, and every way himself."

"There is some mystery," remarked Nelson, "and it will come out, perhaps very soon."

At this moment, Marston entered by the barrister's gate, and Mr. Baron Hotiam, the *puisse* judge, who held at *nisi prius* during this term, came in by a side door. Marston had only a moment to greet me, when the business of the court commenced. Nelson's case was the first.

"Action on promissory note!" said the clerk to the judge.

There was a bustle of impatience among the other barristers, attorneys, and spectators, at such an uninteresting affair as a trial on a promissory note, which was arrested for a moment, as a short issue-paper was handed up from the defendant, and the clerk announced—Defence: denial of the note, and forgery."

At the word "forgery," a great many resumed their seats to listen, and I could not help glancing at Guillard, who had been pointed out to me. He could not be recognised by me as the same person I had seen the night but one before. His hair was short, and his whole appearance dignified in the extreme. At the word "forgery," he did not move a muscle, but looked up at the bench with an easy and almost patronising air. I studied his face again and again. There was a something which reminded me of the unknown counterfeiter, as I took him to be, and yet, on inspection of his whole person, I could not but concede I was mistaken. I so whispered to Nelson, who was also scrutinizing; but he was confident that the side-face he had seen under the lamp in the street was that of the clerk; "and if I can get from him that position, I will convince you," he said.

Mr. Barker, counsel for the plaintiff, opened by a short address, stating his evidence, and expressing his surprise that so excellent a merchant as the defendant could be persuaded into defending so trifling a suit, when he might much better have paid the amount.

I looked over Marston's shoulder, and saw him writhe down a *mon*, that the fact of an excellent merchant defending on such a ground was presumptive evidence that his defence of forgery was probable, and indeed likely—which I thought a most excellent point.

He called his first witness, a Jewish-looking lad, who was clerk to the plaintiff—a crockery merchant, who occasionally dealt in paper. He was sworn, and testified that he had, within the past six months, and a short time before the note was due, called with it at the banking-house of the defendant, whom he saw, and asked him if it was a business note; that the defendant took it in his hands, looked at it, and handed it back without saying anything; that he took this for an affirmative answer, and went away, whereupon the plaintiff discounted it.

Marston leaned over to his client, and, in a whisper, asked him if this was so. He had been eyeing the lad attentively, and whispered back, in answer, that he had an indistinct recollection of having seen the lad before, but none whatever of the note.

"Curious, this," whispered Marston to me. "I will probe it."

And immediately he put in a quick and running fire of cross-questions, as to who he was, when this happened, who was present, etc., etc., which might have puzzled an older head to keep up with; but the boy was unmoved.

Marston threw himself back with a disappointed air, rather unusual with one of his coolness. Besides, he had unfortunately got out on the fact, and made it distinct, that the client read the note slowly over before he handed it back.

"The whole thing is as ridiculous as this suit. I never had so small a note out, and I could not have done so. I may have taken a piece of paper from the boy, as I stood near the door talking to some friend, and, without particularly thinking of the matter, handed it back to him," said our client to Marston, on his left, in an audible whisper.

But witness number two was now called—a clerk for the plaintiff—who deposed, that on the day of maturity, he had called at the defendant's banking house and presented the note; that the general clerk was about paying it, and had left it on the shelf by his desk to go to another part where small notes were kept, when the defendant happened to pass by, and took it up; that he then walked to the clerk, and the two had conversation together on the subject; that after some minutes—the talk being quite inaudible to him—the clerk came towards him, returned the note, and said it would not be paid.

He was only cross-examined as to one stage of his narration, and that was the returning of the note—Marston's client contending that when the clerk came, he insisted upon retaining the note, but that the man promised to return with it and the plaintiff for some explanation. But the witness either did not, or would not, remember.

During all these examinations, Guillard preserved an air of the most elegant attention, carefully glancing from jury to counsel, and from the counsel to the bench.

The note was then read in evidence, and the plaintiff's case rested.

Marston moved for a new suit, on the ground that the making of the note had not been legally proven; but the court held that the admission, by tacit consent of the defendant, was sufficient to put the burthen of disproving on him. The case was opened for the defence.

Mr. Marston, in his brief opening, spoke of the improbability of a banker making such a sum—or, if he did, denying it upon so slight a note; of the vagueness of the testimony of the boy, and the negativeness of that of the clerk.

As he sat down, he called for the note and examined it.

"It's very, very like my signature," said his client, as he leaned over; "and I cannot see why Guillard is so certain that it is not mine."

"Well, we will try him, and hand him over to our adversaries," returned the barrister.

And Guillard was called.

"Please to look at this note," said Mr. Marston, after the usual questions touching his business and knowledge of his employer's handwriting had been asked him, "and say whose handwriting it is."

He looked at it with an easy air for a minute or so, when he answered—"The filling up is mine. I should say the signature is that of my employer."

Marston's client turned perfectly white, as the judge, jury, counsel, and spectators looked at him attentively.

"We are most obliged to you, brother Marston," said the counsel for the plaintiff—a very witty sergeant; "you have really stolen my ammunition."

Guillard stood in the witness-box, however, with the same easy smile upon his face, twirling in his left hand the note which had been handed to him.

Marston and the afflicted, if not almost bewildered client, consulted together hurriedly for a moment, and while doing so, one of the jury asked to see the note. It was handed down and passed through the box. Presently, I noticed a little bustle among them, and some loud, yet inaudible whispering. One of the jury arose.

